

- HERGÉ -



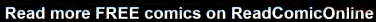
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

Tintin in Tibet



MAMMOTH

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HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

Tintin in Tibet



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Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

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Artwork copyright © 1980 by Editors: Casselman, Touman.
Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number: Afs 82446

Text © 1982 by Egmont Children's Books Ltd

First published in Great Britain in 1982

Published as a paperback in 1972 by Methuen Children's Books Ltd

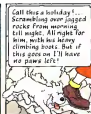
Reprinted four times.

Reissued 1989 by Methuen's,
an imprint of Egmont Children's Books Limited,
339 Kensington High Street, London W8 6SA.

Reprinted 1990, 1992, 1993 (twice), 1994, 1995 (twice), 1996, 1997 (twice), 1998

Printed by Casselman, S.A., Tournai, Belgium
(ISBN 0-7497-0400-6)

Tintin in Tibet



NEPAL AIR DISASTER

KATMANDU. Wednesday — The DC-1 biplane, which Monday on a flight from Puna to Katmandu is reported to have crashed in the Ganges then merged. It is believed that the aircraft, belonging to Indian Air Force, was driven to crash by a violent storm.

A search-plane yesterday located the wreckage of the aircraft in a remote and dangerous area. As soon as the news was received, a party of Nepalis set out for the peak where the aircraft crashed. The aircraft is known to have carried 14 passengers and 4 crew.

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Poor devils! What a dreadful place for a crash. They wouldn't stand a chance of surviving up there...

And that's what your beautiful mountains do for you!



DONG

The gang for dinner Come on, I've finished.



BANDITS IN VIENNA RAID

And after dinner...

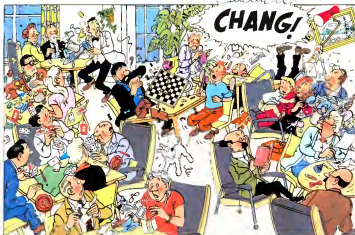
Heav! My queen's in danger! What shall I do? Protect her with my knight? No, that'd leave my bishop vulnerable. Suppose I advance that pawn?...

No, that won't work either... I shall have to do something else. No, my queen will have to fight a rearward action... Right... then with my most move I'll launch a flank attack with my other bishop... Then what will the enemy do? If he sees the danger he'll cover his castle with a pawn...

In that case, I'll take the plunge and sacrifice my bishop. But he won't be sacrificed in vain! An eye for an eye... I shall take his castle... And there we are—check! Very much? What do you say to that, oh Timbri?



CHANG!





Honestly! Billions of blue bistering interstices! You can't pretend this thing that you've had another dream!

No, no! Look here: it really is a letter from Chang!



You must admit it's a remarkable coincidence. Yesterday evening I dreamt about him. This morning I got a letter from him. Extraordinary, isn't it?

Yes... I suppose so. What does he want, anyway?



Here, listen: "The brother of my most venerable adoptive father"... I didn't know that Mr Wang Chou-Yee had a brother... "The brother of my most venerable adoptive father is living in London, where he has an antique shop. He has generously invited me to stay with him... Boorrrr!"



"Although unworthy of such an invitation I have accepted. Tomorrow I leave Hong Kong by air. I am filled with pleasure that I shall see your noble face once again! He's coming! Good!"



Yes, fine... But, I say... this Chang, he's not like that little monster Abdullah, is he?

Chang? Why, Captain, he's one of the nicest people I know: smart, unassuming - and with a heart of gold. You'll see!



Yes, and Chang's an old friend of yours too, isn't he, Snowy?



Professor Calculus! Wonderful news! Chang's coming! We're going to see CHANG again!

Champagne? At this hour!?



Chang's coming!... Tralala!



It is most reprehensible, Captain, to give this young man champagne, and in the morning too!



When's he coming, then... your... er... Son of Heaven?

Let's see



He says: "I fly to Calcutta, then on to Nepal. My venerable adoptive father wishes me to visit Karmamunda to pay my respects to his honourable cousin who has many children, and to take them presents"



Nepal?... Karmamunda?... The place that hit a mountain... surely that was going to Karmamunda?



Quick... this morning's paper. Perhaps there'll be some details of the crash.



There! "Nepal Air Disaster - No survivors"



on the addition to 4 members of the crew.

TRAGIC DELAY

Among the missing is a young Chinese, travelling from Hong Kong to London. He arrived in Peking in time for an earlier aircraft but failed to obtain a seat. Forced to wait overnight, he caught the ill-fated D.C.3. The victim of this tragic delay is Chang-Chen, adopted Chinese son of Mr. Wang, Chairman of the board.

Oh we don't know a new

Chang! ... My poor friend, Chang!

That's what comes of drinking too much champagne!

You... you and your champagne!



Chang! My dear friend Chang! We shall never see him again... never again!



No, it isn't true! ... I know... **CHANG IS NOT DEAD!**

Not dead?



He's alive; I'm sure of it! ... The accident happened days ago, but yesterday I saw Chang alive... calling for help, but alive!

But that was just a dream you had... it wasn't real.



I know. But it wasn't an ordinary dream. It was... it was a sort of premonition... telepathy... something like that. But one thing's certain: I know that **Chang is alive**

Steady on, Tintin.



He's alive, I tell you! I'm packing my bag and leaving for Nepal.

What?... You?... Leaving for Nepal?



But look here, old fellow, it's madness! ...

That's right! You go and sober up!



Tintin, listen. I can understand how grieved you are, and I realise how much that dream has shaken you, but you must be sensible...

I must save Chang!



Ten thousand thundering typhoons! How can you possibly save someone who's already dead?

Chang is not dead



CHANG!

!

?





A few minutes later...

The plane for Kathmandu? ...
Oh yes, calling at Patna. It
leaves at 2:35 this afternoon,
but from the other airport,
Willingdon. The bus will take
you there, unless you...



... would rather visit the city.
You have three hours. You should
be at the airport at 2.0 p.m.
You will find your baggage there.

Thank you. We'll take your
advice and have a look
round the city.



A little later...

There's
the Qutab
Minar. It's
235 feet high.



... and the Red Fort.



Three hours have passed.

We still haven't seen the Jama Masjid
and the Rayghat, the memorial to
Mahatma Gandhi...



Yes, but aren't you
forgetting the time?

We've just got time to
hop into a taxi and
make a dash for the airport.



Pity!

Hello, there's a crowd down there. What's
going on? A fight? Or an accident? ...



A cow! She's certainly chosen a
good spot... completely blocking
the roadway.



[Say, can't someone
move the old girl along?
We're in rather a hurry...]



Sacred cow, Sahib! Do not disturb...
You wait till she move.

Wait! That's a useful
suggestion! Our plane leaves
in twenty-five minutes.



Anyway, no need to worry... if
she won't move, we'll just
step over her.



Hey! Whoa! Stop footing around!



Hey! ... WHOA! ... STOP!







Billions of blistering barnacles!

What's the matter?



Thundering typhoons! Something in my eye. I don't know what it is... dust, or a fly, or something. Stop, driver, stop!



No, I can't see anything. You'll have to wait until we're aboard the plane.



Carry on driver! And try to make up for lost time!

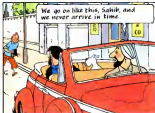
Right, Sahib



Hey, my cap!



We go on like this, Sahib, and we never arrive in time.



At the airport...

Can't be helped: it's time for take-off. Too bad for the two missing passengers...



No, look: here they come.



Blue blistering barnacles! Can't find this thing in my eye!



That's lucky: I can just see enough to get up the gangway...



Captain, stop! Not there! Here! The other steps!



And when I've finished, I'll see what's in your eye.



The next morning...

This is Katmandu.

First of all we'll see the airport manager.

There it is. We are friends of Chang, one of the victims of the Gosaikunda disaster. We want to visit the scene of the crash. You know all about the organization of the search party: can you help us to achieve our object!...

Would it be indiscreet to ask the reason why you wish to go up there?

Because I am certain that Chang is not dead. I want to go and look for him.

But you must be mad. You have no conception of the difficulty and the danger such an expedition involves.

That rubber band's getting on my nerves.

Not only would you be risking your lives, but the risk would be quite futile. Even if your friend survived the accident, he would long since have died from hunger and cold exposures.

That's what I keep on telling him.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Look, sir. Chang is my friend. In spite of all appearances, I know that he is still alive. Whatever the obstacles lying in our path, I must try to find him.

Very well... I'm quite certain no guide will agree to go with you. But if you wish, I'll put you in touch with the Sherpas who made up the rescue party.

Oh, sorry!

I really am very grateful.

You see? Anybody with any sense thinks as I do: this idea of yours is absolutely crazy!

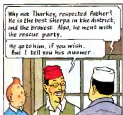
Chang is alive, Captain!

Chang is alive! Chang is alive! All this just because you had a dream about him! - I dreamt about Columbus last night, but that doesn't bring him to life, does it? I don't behave like a sleep-walker, dozing around in a daze with my eyes shut!

Look out!









It's true! I have no right to risk the lives of others

Brave! I knew you'd see reason.



I shall go alone.



All right! ... Go! ... But on your own! I've trailed along this far, thundering explosives, but I'm not playing nurse - and any longer!



Look out, Captain!



Billions of billions has blistering barbaques! Has the word gone around to going up on me!



वया? फिर वही?
Please, please... Watch your language! I didn't shout at you did I?



Three days later...

There. That's my rucksack packed. Now I'll just say goodbye to the Captain.

I don't like the look of all these preparations



RAT TAT TAT

YES?



! ?



I ... I've come to say goodbye. But ... your rucksack ... What ...?



If you imagine for one moment that I'd let a young whippersnapper like you go off alone? Not on your life! I suppose you think that Captain Haddock has got tomato juice in his veins, eh?

But you ...



But, but, but... don't start being awkward! I'm going with you, whether you like it or not. And not another word from you, or I stay here!



Now who is it? Come on!

RAT TAT TAT

Shipping Marking and Seal Labels

He says... everything ready. I
am not in. Calm.

Then we shall have food
... Good, tell Tharkay
we are coming.

“You’re wondering what’s going on? Well, you installed me good, so I had another crack at Turkey. I was luckier than you were the other day: I persuaded him to take us up there.”

Captain, what
can I say?
You're a marvel!

Not so fast, not so fast! He's only agreed to take us as far as the wreck of the aircraft, no further. Still, once you're up there, at least you'll realize there isn't the remotest chance of finding any one alive.

All the same, Thursday has fixed up everything we need for the expedition: clothes, food, equipment and porters... But Thursday typhoons, just my luck to be saddled with that fellow who behaves like a bull in a china shop!

Just think, here am I, feeling
aroused at the back end of
Nepal when I could be enjoy-
ing at Martinique, with
a long, cool whiskey at my
elbow.

Whisky, by the way!
What about those
bottles in my pack?

The grand old Duke of York ♩ ♩ ♩ He had
ten thousand men ... ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩













The next morning...



You'd think we were in an Alpine Forest.



Two hours later...

I wouldn't mind rhododendrons like these at Marlin - spikes!



And that afternoon...



?



It's some sort of rotten fruit; it dropped from a tree.



I wonder which one it came from?



The following night...

We camp here, Gahrh.

Look, we've reached the snow.



Across there, Tibet! Aeroplanes wreck there. Tomorrow we arrive. Now, we eat. Tsampon is ready.



Tsampon? What's this stuff made of?

Tsampon, Gahrh cooked barley meal, with tea and butter.



What's that noise?



Yeh? That...that...that is yeh!!

The yeh! The Abominable Snowman!!

WO-OH



The Abominable Snowman!
That's a good one! Don't make
me laugh! Fairy stories... old
wives' tales! Who's ever seen
that famous yeti?



Do not laugh, Sakib... Yeti is real!
I set out how, but I know Skorge
Assuring... He see yeti... He much
afraid... He run away.



And what was the
yeti like?

Him very big, Sakib. Very strong.
Him kill yaks with his fist...
Yeti very bad. Eat eyes and hands
of men he kill.



Fiddle-fiddle! You're imagin-
ing things... it's only the
wind. But here's something
real enough: a bottle of whisky!

Is that the sole
survivor?



No! You must
drink, Sakib!

Why ever not? Against
your principles?



If yeti smell alcohol, he come...
Yeti likes alcohol. One day near
Sakib he find Chang, he drink
it...

Drinking Chang?
What are you
babbling about?



Chang, Sakib! is overdrunk. Very
strong beer. Yeti take Chang.
Then get drunk, go to sleep.
Men from village tie him up.
But yeti very strong. When
he no longer sleep...

He wakes up with
a clacking hang-
over! I know!



Yes, Sakib. He wake up, break ropes,
and there, off he goes!



You've made your point!... Well,
I'm off to bed. Good night!



... And it'll take more
than an abominable snow-
man to keep me awake,
I can tell you!



YE OOOOW!







Tell me another! Have you fallen for that one? ... Those footmarks were made by a bear. It's well known—bears do walk upright on their hind legs sometimes.



Anyway, we'll soon see. All we have to do is follow the tracks.

No, Sakib. You not do that! Be careful!



Be careful! ... Be careful! ... This yeti movement is beginning to get on my nerves!



Billions of billions blue Holarctic berserkers! My bottle of whisky!



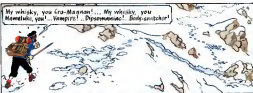
EMPTY!



RKRPRZKRMTRZ!



My whisky, you Gra-Magnan! ... My whisky, you Hometide, you! ... Vampire! ... Pyromaniac! ... Body-scratcher!



You odd-ball ungulate! ... Microcephalic hobnob! ... Phyllophora! ... Gannib!



Diplodocus! ... Felineaster! ... Megalomaniac!



Come on, you old alcoholic, unless you're too scared!



Do not shout, Sakib ... Avalanches!

Colonyth! ... Troglodyte! ... Pithcanthropus!









It could have been Chang's... a present for his convicts...



Poor Chang! Why did you have to find that, of all things...

POOOOT

Careful, Sahib! avalanche!



Hello... Snowy seems to have found something to eat...

That's what he thinks!



Oh boy! This'll taste good!



GRRR



Poor old Snowy! You'll never manage it!... That chicken's frozen absolutely solid!



? GRRR



GRRR



We camp here tonight, Sahib... tomorrow return to the valley.

Well... I'm going to take a look around, over there, towards that rock-face...



... Because if I'd been in Chang's place, and I'd come out of the crash alive, that's where I would have headed...

I say, don't you think it's about time we had a breather?



... I'd have looked for a niche, or a cave, or a crack in the rock where I could shelter... But if that's what Chang did, why didn't he come out...



... when the rescue party arrived!... That's what puzzles me... Unless...



The mouth of a cave!



?

GRRR



Wait for a minute, while our eyes get accustomed to the blue light... Stop growling, Snowy.



CHANG!... His name is CHANG! And he's carved in our script too!...



This is crazy! I would be
happy to wait in the cave till
it stopped. I've completely
lost my bearings now.

COOOE!

No good!... Not a sound!
The noise of the wind is
drowning my voice. And it's
getting dark, too. What'll
become of us now, Guey?

Only one thing to do...
go on.

!

A cry!...! Guey,
Guey, that was a
near thing!

We must be careful now.
Keep close behind me,
Guey, old boy.

Saved!... Someone's there!...
Yes, look, it's the Captain!

AHOY! CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN!... HI! CAPTAIN!

GARA

He can't hear me!... This is
awful! ... CAPTAIN!

CAP....

?

Two hours pass by...

WOWOOOWOOOWOOOW



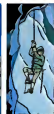


No answer! We simply must try to get him out of there, Tharkley!



You lower me into the crevasse, Sakib. I show you what to do.

Right.



You don't let go, oh, Sakib?

Don't you worry, Tharkley!



Captain!... Ahoy there, Captain!

Don't bother me now!... Can't you see I'm busy!...



But... who said that?



Timin!... Hooray, it's Timin!

The rope! Don't let go of the rope!



The rope, Captain!...

The rope! OH!!!



A little later...

I slid down. I bounced against the sides - luckily they were smooth. Then I hit my head against something hard, and I was knocked out.



When I came to, I crawled along the bottom of the crevasse - it gradually sloped upwards. Then, after a few agonies, I managed to get out. That was after I saw you, Captain, only a dozen yards away from me.



But there's one thing I just don't understand... How could you have passed so close to me in the blizzard, and yet not have seen me? You never even heard me, either, though heaven knows I shouted loud enough!

Me? ... But I never budged from the place.



Oh. Then it was you, Tharkley!

Me? ... No, Sakib. Not me... I sat more away from crevasses.

But then... WHO was it that I saw?

You saw yeti, Sahib!... No doubt!... We go down quickly to valley. Great danger for us... Besides, no one alive up here...

But there is, Tharkay!



In an ice cave I discovered a stone on which Chang had carved his name... It absolutely proves that he survived the crash. I couldn't find anything more without a light. But as soon as we're taken care of Snowy, I suggest we all go and explore that cave.

Chang's name? ... Then you were right after all!



At daybreak...

It was somewhere about here. But the snow last night had completely altered the landscape.



No, it wasn't as far as this... We must have passed the cave without noticing... Back again!



Look here, blistering baroncles, we've been going for two hours! Let's have a rest!

Later!



You can go on if you want to! I'm going to stop and sit down.



Here's your cave for you! When I start searching, I do the job properly!



Look, there's the stone I told you about.



But if Chang alive, Sahib, where is he now?

That's what I'm wondering, Tharkay.



I tell you, Sahib: your friend comes here, yes... But afterwards, yeti kill him, and eat him up.



No Tharkay. In that case there'd be...it's too horrible...some traces of...of the tragedy.



Oh, Sahib! See!



No, thank heaven! It's the legs of an animal, like a chamois. But there should be others. Quick, let's look!



No, these are the bones of birds and small rodents.

Golly, these old yaks keep a well-stocked larder!



But you perhaps ask Chang some-where else... And how we find your friend under the snow?

I'm beginning to get a bit sick of this yak business...



Two thousand blundering byphoons, I wish he'd show up! Great Flat-footed grizzly bear: I'd give him yak!



We go back, Sahib. Nothing more to do here... Your friend dead, I am sure, Sahib.

Come on now, you big-head!



And Sahib, even if Chang alive...



... where can we search for him?... Where, Sahib? Thawing?



... Or that way?



I know, Thankye. You're quite right: we must accept the evidence. Tomorrow we'll start making our way back to the valley.



The next morning ...

Come on Tintin, old lad. You've done everything humanly possible... Come on now ...



Goodbye, Chang! ... Goodbye!



Come along! No good hanging about.



Thanky! ... Captain! ... Stay! ... Don't go! What's that yellow thing up there, on the rock-face? ...



Something yellow? ... Where can you see something yellow? ...
Up there! Follow the direction of my finger! ...



Quick! Give me my glasses. In the right-hand pocket of my rucksack!



A bit of rag ... No, a scarf!



Look there, Thanky! a yellow scarf! ... Caught on a rock ...



You're right, Gekib!
A scarf? where?



It's absolute proof that Chang is alive. He's even shown us the way up to find him. Come on, Thanky, let's go!

Well, I can't see anything!



No, Gekib, I not go on. I promised to guide Gekib to the aeroplane. I keep my word. Now I go down, for I am sure Chang is dead.

But the scarf, Thanky!



No proof, Gekib! ... Only real climber could see such a rock-face, Gekib.

Where the devil did those jokers see a scarf anyway?



Need special boots, ropes, and other things. Chang not have those; he cannot climb up there.

What about the scarf?

But where is this precious scarf?



I not know how it comes up there ... in a storm, perhaps? ... Or with yeh, perhaps? But not with Chang, Gekib ... Not Chang ... Chang dead, Gekib!



Thundering typhoons, there he is! ... It's him!

Blistering yuletide, it's the hurricane!
... I mean... Yattering Baranovsk, it's
the blaster... up there... I mean, the yeti!



I can't see it...
Are you sure you...?



Well, yeti or no yeti, I'm going
on. And you, Captain?



And you, Tharkay... you?



Perhaps... Well, Tharkay, in that case
this is where we part... But first we
must settle up... The Captain will do
it...



Can you manage it, Captain?



Let's see... Five
ones are thirty.
Five carry three.
Five nights are forty.
Five three, forty-
three; carry four...



A few minutes later...



Goodbye!... I hope you and my
return to your own country!



Now, on our way.
... First objective:
the yellow goat!



Hey, Captain, what
are you doing?



Tintin! ... Tintin! ... My co-
sai! What's happening?



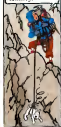
It's nothing, Captain; just
St. Elmo's fire. It's not
dangerous. You're a sailor,
surely you know it – an
atmospheric phenomenon
which sometimes makes
flashes round the mount-
ain.



Thank goodness! I thought
I'd turned into a spark-
ing plug!



Well, for me
this time, I'm
coming.

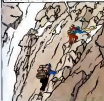


First of all we're
going to rope up. Then
I'll jettison some
of my load, so I
can take Snowy
up on my back.



Twenty minutes later ...

We made it! Here's the scarf!



Oh, Captain! Look at it!
Bloodstains!

Yes, I can see ... But even
supposing that this is
Gheng's scarf, what then?
... What do you suggest
we do now, eh?



Go on, Captain ... Gheng came
this way. We must follow this
pathway to the top.

You call this a pathway? ...
Oh, all right.



Careful, Captain. This
is rather tricky.



To think there are
people who do this
for fun!



YOW!!



Blistering barnacles! That was a near thing... But I'm safe, thanks to you... and the rope. Amazing stuff, nylon!... Now, can you haul me up towards you?



No such luck! If I make the slightest move, it's the high dive for us... both!



Blistering barnacles! What are we going to do now?



And, thundering typhoons, there's no way of regaining a foothold on that perishing rock-face.

It's hopeless... I can't make it! And I'm beginning to freeze on the end of this bit of string... Can you hang on up there?



For as long as possible... But I can feel myself getting weaker, and paralysed with cold.



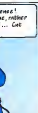
Which means we both fall! That's no good, young Fellow. Yes, at least, can save yourself. You must cut the rope: it's the only answer!



Never! Either we're both saved, or we die together!



You're talking nonsense! Better far and to die, rather than two, isn't it?... Cut the rope, Twinkl!



Never, you hear me?... I'll never do that!

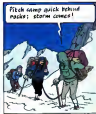


All right, I'll do it myself... Get my knife... and that's it... Cut off moorings!



Thundering typhoons!... I can't get the confounded blade open! My fingers are completely numb... Ah, that's it!...







The tent's gone! ...
Blown away! ...
Lost in the night!

Sah! ...
You listen!



HAW-HAW-HAW

Yes!!

What's that jackass
doing out of doors
at this hour?



HAW-HAW-HAW! ...



**HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW
THUMP**



**HOUI! HOUI! HOUI!
HOUI! HOUI!**

What's happened? He
must have hurt himself.

Guess how right!



How... How...
How...



We pitch my little tent
for tonight. It is only
best for now. Very
difficult for those to
come in ...



We'll never all get inside
this!

Well, we've got
to!



Try to squeeze up a bit more,
Captain!

A fat lot of use that is! ... We've
already packed like sardines ... dear
... dear ...



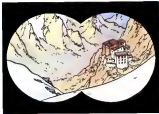
AAAAARTCH...

No, Captain, not
You mean't! ...



TCHOOO

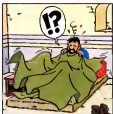














It's a kite!



Any monks, flying kites ... Not a very serious occupation, I must say!



They're quite happy ... while no one seems to be bothering about me! I'd better spy out the land ... first of all, where are my boots?



Hey, what the ...?! Either my feet have swollen, or my boots have shrunk ... They simply won't ...



Thundering lightning! That's a good start!



Meanwhile ...

Wellnow, O Trinitars, to the monastery of Khor-Wyong ... But I thought there were three of you!



They say our friend is still asleep, Grand Abbot ... He was completely as-horinated.



Yes, it seems that you men from other lands have a strange uncontrollable desire to climb the highest mountains at all costs, even at the risk of your lives. Why is this?



In our case, Grand Abbot, it is not a search for glory, nor a love of climbing that brings us here. Our aim was ...



RAT
TAT
TAT
?



Er ... I beg your pardon, but ... how anyone get a shoe-korn!



Tut-tut!... Thanking! How wonderful to see you!



Welcome to you also, noble stranger... Please be seated.

Thanks... Grand Admiral!



Pray continue, young stranger; you were speaking of the real purpose of your journey.



Well, Grand Abbot, it's like this: there was an earthquake recently, in Nepal, in which all the prisoners were said to have perished. A friend of mine, a young Chinese named Chong, was in that place.



Yes, or... Grand Vizier. And just because he saw Chong alive in a dream, this young whippersnapper got a bee in his bonnet about rescuing him. And because he's as stubborn as a mule, he rushed off to Nepal. And I, like the old fool that I am, came trailing after him.



We tramped for days and days and days!... We hauled ourselves up vertical rock-faces! We hiked in the sun and froze in the snow! We tumbled down into bottomless crevasses! We were welloped on the head by avalanches! Worst of all, or... Grand Muffin, the yoti pinched a bottle of whisky! Only just opened, and the last one I had left!



And to crown everything, or... Grand Turk, there was no much sign of Chong as there's hair on his head!



What did he say? What is there on my mind?



So... for the sole purpose of searching for your friend Chong, you braved all these dangers, and you would have died had your dog not warned us?

Well... yes, Grand Abbot.



Ah, young stranger, here in Tibet the mountains keep those whom they take. And the vultures make sure that no traces remain. Such will have been the fate of your friend Chong. You will never, never find the slightest sign of him.



There's one, anyway!

And the other one's going to follow suit, or I'll know the reason why!



You, brave young man, you must abandon all hopes: never again will you see the friend so dear to your heart...



Your wisest course is to return to your own country... Moreover, the rule of our order forbids us to harbour strangers. Tomorrow a caravan leaves here, bound for Nepal. May I invite you to join it?



That's a good idea, or ... Grand Pandrum.

The next morning...

The caravan is ready to leave, noble travellers.

Thank you, Reverend Father. We're quite ready. We'll follow you.



So, we're on our way home...

Without Chong, alas!



Yes, without Chong... but what could we expect? It was hopeless from the start, Father. I always said so.



Great Heart, you have forgotten this!



Why, it's Chong's scarf.



It's really very kind of you...



I see... I see... the horn of the yak. Below, the eye... a cave... I see... I see a boy... this scarf belongs to him... He is lying on a couch of juniper branches...



Impossible! There must be a catch in it!

Alas! He is possessed by devils... He has a fever... But who is this approaching him? I cannot see clearly... Ah, now I see better... It...



A photo, quick, we are all over before us.



OOOHH! THE MIGOU!

Pity! Too late to swap the flying
fisher! He's come down to earth!



Quick, tell me, where is Chang?



I do not understand! What
you mean... Please, you left
this gear!... Go in peace,
young traveller.



He saw Chang! Obviously
it, but alive! I'm
sure of it!



Tinkin, for heaven's sake!
Surely to goodness you
don't believe in that flying
saucer! He was talking a
lot of mumbo-jumbo!



Come on! We
must see the
Grand Abbot.



The Horn of the Yak... There is a moun-
tain of that name, three days' march
from here, near the village of Churkham.
What more did he say!



Billions of blistering burnacles,
don't tell me you're taking all this
hocus-pocus seriously!



That he described my friend
Chang, lying on a bed of branch-
es. He saw someone approach-
ing Chang, and then, so
thoroughly terrified, he shouted:
"The migou!"... What did
he mean by the migou?



The migou? ... You are sure you
heard right: the migou?
It is the name given here to
the Abominable Snowman. In
Nepal they call it the yeh-tak,
or yeh; here it is the migou.



But then... Grand Abbot?
Do not enter. He is speaking
with the strangers.



Then it would be better if your
friend were dead, for he is a
prisoner of the migou. And the
migou never surrenders his prey!



Ching a prisoner of the Abominable Snowmen! ... But that's dreadful! ... We simply must save him, Grand Akkot!



Very well, I'll go alone if necessary. My friend is in danger. You can't expect me to desert him now.



No! You shan't go! Neither alone, thundering typhoons, nor with me! You got saved once, but it won't happen again! ... There's been enough shattering! I won't have any more! You'll come home to Kharispike with me, blistering baracks, and there's an end to it!



Just where is this mountain they call the Horn of the Yak?



Near the village of Chersakhang, three days' march from here ... There, only a few days ago, a yak was killed by the migma.



Listen, Captain, don't be angry with me ... I'm leaving tomorrow for Chersakhang. You go with Thukky and rejoice the carnival ... You must understand: I can't do otherwise.



All right, you do as you please! Go as far as you like and look for this Ching of yours! You can go to Maru for all I care! I'm packing my bags and going home ...



... before someone gets hurt!



Chersakhang - three days later



Hello! ... Hello! ... Could you take me to the village headman?



Guide? ... To go to Horn of Yak? ... No one, Kharis, no one! ... Horn of the Yak. Migma! ... Migma!



There! Look!







The next morning...

What a hope! You're just going to stumble on the den of this teddy-bear. I suppose! It'd be a miracle!



It would if we had nothing to go on... But thanks to Snowy, we're on the right track... Now then, our next objective is a mountain that looks like a yak's horn.



There!... What did I tell you?... See... it's unmistakable! That mountain is there. Look at the shape!



We must try to arrive at the foot of the mountain at nightfall, and make sure our tent is well hidden.



Three days later...



Look here, Tintin, I'm giving Fed up! Here we've been for three days, waiting for this confounded sign of snow to poke his nose out... Besides...



The mark, Blessed Lightning, said the eye. You remember, Captain: the eye below the horn. We must keep watching the eye... Patience, Captain, patience!



Patience! ... For all we know, we might sit here waiting for seven years! ... If I could even have a good smoke... But no. Poor delicate little fellow, his nose is so sensitive! I don't mind telling you.



HAWAAAW!



The yeb! I saw see it!
It's just come out from
behind a rock, over there!



It's going... It's disappeared!
This is it - now's our chance.
Come on, Captain! Not a moment
to lose!

What can we do?

Go straight to his den - to
rescue Chang! Come on! ...
Hurry!

Yes... I... don't
forget the camera...

Think!... If you could
get a photograph of the
yeb, imagine what a
sensation it would cause!

I'll try.

Stop!

You stay here and keep a look-
out. If you do have coming back,
give a whistle!

O.K. ... Remember
the photograph!



The entrance to
the cave!

I should never have let
him go alone... I only
hope nothing goes wrong.







Captain!... Captain!...
Rescue! Are you hurt?

An atom bomb!
An atom bomb!



What happened? ... An
atom bomb, wasn't it? ...
Are we all dead?

No, it was the yati,
Haro, get up.



Quick! Climb's there! We
must carry him to the camp
at once... The yati was blinded
by the flash-bomb, but he
may come back.



Well, I'd better tell you the whole
of my story ...



I caught the plane from
Paris to Kathmandu. It was
glorious weather, and every-
one on board was very cheerful.
But, shortly before we were due to
arrive, we ran into a violent storm.



The aircraft was tossed all over the
place, and although the crew did
their best to reassure us, we feared
the worst. Then suddenly there was
a terrible crash ... and I blacked
out ...



When I came to I was lying in
the snow. My legs hurt dread-
fully. Wreckage of every descrip-
tion was littered all around
me ...



Except for the wind, there wasn't a
sound; not a shout, nothing... I was the
sole survivor of that horrible disaster!



Flawed-stricken, I struggled to
my feet. I didn't feel the pain:
I had only one thought: to get
away. At last, at the end of my
strength, I found a niche in the
rock. There, I fainted again.



How long I remained unconscious
I don't know. But when I came
round, I almost died of
fright...



In the half-light of a cave,
an enormous head was loom-
ing over me, and two gleaming
eyes stared at me...



HAW-HAWAOUUHU!

HAWAAOOUUH!

What a heart-rending cry!
You'd think he was in distress.



It's not very surprising... He seemed to become quite fond of me. At first he brought me blossoms he found in the meadows of the plains. Later I lived on plants and roots he brought back from his nightly prowls.



Sometimes he brought me little animals. It was revolting, but I forced myself to eat them... Little by little I regained my strength, until I could stand. Then I had the idea of carving my name on a rock.

Yes, we found the cave, Chang, and saw the stamp with your name on it. Then, later, we found your scarf.

Oh, yes, my scarf. I'll tell you about that...



One morning, the yeti came rushing back. He seemed very frightened. He picked me up, and ran off with me in his arms...



Then began that dizzy climb up a sheer cliff!



I was terrified... But he was amazingly sure-footed. Holding me with only one hand, he leaped from rock to rock like a chamois... He stopped for a moment, then I saw what was happening.



Far away, a column of men was heading for the wrecked aircraft... And the yeti was carrying me away from them!

I screamed and yelled to attract their attention. But my voice was too weak. Then I un-did my scarf and threw it over the edge, hoping someone would see it and follow our tracks.

That's just what we did, Chang. But what then?



The yeti carried me on. Another storm blew up. I was frozen. I don't know how long that fantastic journey lasted - I was only half-conscious... All I know is...

... I ended up in the cave where you found me, shivering with fear and exhaustion... I was utterly dejected: no one would find me.



I would die there, alone, miserably, far from my family and friends.



Slithering bunnies, I've had enough! I can't bear any more...you'll have to wait while I get my hands clean!



POOOOT



HAWAAAAAAAH!



HAWAAAAAAAH!



Go there you are, you ante diluvian bulldozer!...
Come closer, if you dare,
you jabbermaw, and I'll
turn you into a heart-ug!



Poor Snowman, what a fright he got. The Captain scared him away when he blew his nose!



**MEGACYCLE!
PYROMANIC!**

You said "Poor Snowman"... How strange. The only one who knows him, and you don't call him "abominable".

Of course I don't, Tielin: he took care of me. Without him I'd have died of cold and hunger.



A few days later...

Two strangers!

The strangers come back!



Yes, here we are, back again... and the mages haven't eaten us! ...We need porters, to carry this boy to the monastery.



Three days later...

We're nearly there. Oving. You'll soon be on the island.



Back up your P P
troubles if we P d
your old blithag
and P P pom P
P pom pom P



**POM
TOOOT ? DONG
ZZING
BOOM
TINGLING**





The Grand Abbot! It must be something very special, to bring him out in full procession!...



Greetings, O Great Heart! ... Following our customs, I present you with this scarf of silk. Blessed Lightning told us of your approach, and I have come to meet you, so that I may bow in deference before you.



Before me, Grand Abbot? ... But ...

Yes, what you have achieved, few would have dared to undertake. Blessings upon you, Great Heart, for the strength of your friendship, for your courage, and for your steadfastness.



You too, Rambling Thunder - Blessings upon you, for in spite of all, you have the faith that moves mountains.



Move them? I'd sooner flatten them!

And here is the boy whom you stretched from the jaws of the dragon. Blessings upon you, young man, for you inspired great devotion in the hearts of these two stumps.



What about me? Don't I get a word?

Is that thing a trumpet? I suppose you blow in here ...



POOAA!

Oh, sorry!



A week has passed.



How are you feeling now, Chang?

Much better! ... A good rest, and being so well looked after - I've completely recovered.



Fine! And thanks to those kind monks who organized this caravan for us, we'll soon be back in Nepal - and then on our way to Europe.



HAWAAAAOUIH!

That old rappa-ba's again!



A goodbye from the yeti, Chang ... Now he's alone again...until someone from an expedition manages to catch him.

A present from Tibet!



You know, I hope they never succeed in finding him. They'd treat him like some wild animal! I tell you, Tintin, from the very first deep down, he hadn't a human soul.

Who knows?



**The
END**



